

# Gallipolis Journal.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,  
DEVOTED PARTICULARLY TO  
THE INTERESTS OF  
GALLIA COUNTY.

R. L. STEWART,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

At \$1.50 invariably in advance.

## Selected Poetry.

SONG OF THE UNION MEN.  
Upon the Burial, by Traitors, of the "Stars  
and Stripes" in Tennessee, near the com-  
mencement of the Great Rebellion, 1861.

"By the side of the statue of Andrew  
Jackson a large pit was dug, and about 500  
men now slowly approached, headed by a  
band of music performing the 'Dead March.'  
The corpse was no more nor less than a large  
standard of the Stars and Stripes, which was  
solemnly lowered into its final resting place.  
The earth was then thrown upon it, and the  
pit was filled up!"

I.  
Aye, bury it deep!  
The men who keep  
Their watch of love around it,  
Will bury your name  
In the depths of shame,  
Where no mortal line can sound it.

II.  
O, the dear old flag!  
Every cheer and rag,  
So soiled by the clutch of your fingers,  
Wakes a vow and prayer,  
And to heaven we swear  
To love it while life yet lingers.

III.  
It shall rise again!  
We shall wave it when,  
On fields that shall live in story,  
Beneath the stars,  
And South come forth,  
Together to lift it in glory!

IV.  
Every star in its blue,  
Every stripe so true,  
Shall gleam on the night of sorrow;  
And clearer shine  
With light divine,  
When God brings a glorious morn.

V.  
Stars never to fade!  
By our fathers made  
With day and night in communion;  
Nor fainter shall grow,  
When the heavens glow  
With the sunrise of Peace and Reunion.

VI.  
Lo! the day! It is here!  
Heaven sends us cheer!  
And treason to its darkness infernal!  
Our praises rise  
With our shouts to the skies—  
Right! Liberty! Union! eternal!

Low. Journal. Wm. W. W.

The following beautiful lines are from  
the pen of a factory girl, who, by the labor of  
her own hands, secured the means of educa-  
tion for herself. She is now a regular contribu-  
tor to our leading magazines. The true  
mother will not fail to see the rare pathos  
and originality contained in many of the pas-  
sages of this fine poem:

Winsome baby Bunn!  
Brighter than the stars that rise  
In the dusky evening sky,  
Brighter than the Robin's wing,  
Clearer than the woodland spring,  
Are the eyes of baby Bunn!

Winsome baby Bunn!  
Smile, mother, smile  
Thinking softly all the while  
Of a tender, blissful day,  
Stole your girlish heart away.  
Oh, the brow of baby Bunn!  
Rarest memento will they do,  
When once old enough to steal  
What their father stole from you!

Winsome baby Bunn!  
Milk-white lilies half unrolled,  
Set in calyxes of gold,  
Cannot make his forehead fair,  
With its rings of yellow hair  
Scarlet berry cleft in twain,  
By a wedge of peevish grin,  
Is the mouth of baby Bunn!

Winsome baby Bunn!  
For the little one asleep,  
With his head against your breast  
Never in the coming years  
Will he find so sweet a rest.  
Oh, the brow of baby Bunn!  
Oh, the scarlet mouth of Bunn!  
One must wait its crown of thorns,  
Drink its cup of gall must one,  
Through the trembling lips shall shrink,  
White with anguish as they drink,  
And the temple sweat with pain—  
Drops of blood like purplish rain—  
Weep, mother, weep.

Winsome baby Bunn!  
Not the sea-shell's palest tinge  
Not the daisy's rose-white fringe,  
Not the softest, faintest glow  
Of the sunset on the snow,  
Is more beautiful and sweet  
Than the pink hands and feet  
Of the little baby Bunn—  
Winsome baby Bunn!  
Foot like these may lose the way,  
Wandering blindly from the right,  
Fray, and sometimes will your prayers  
Be to him like golden stars  
Built through darkness into light  
Oh, the dimpled feet of Bunn,  
In their silken stockings dressed!  
Oh, the dainty hands of Bunn,  
Hid like rose leaves in your breast!  
These shall grasp at jewels rare,  
But to find them empty air,  
These shall falter many a day,  
Bruised and bleeding by the way,  
Ere they reach the land of rest!  
Pray, mother, pray!

## A WOMAN'S "NO."

Oh, no! I could not wed you—not!  
But hope you won't forget.  
I love you as sister should,  
Oh, please, Will, don't go yet.  
Yes, love you as a sister should,  
But marry you? Oh, no!  
I'm grieved that you should think of it—  
Come back—don't leave me so.  
There, now, sit down and talk to me,  
Instead of frowning so;  
One cannot love just whom they would,  
I'd like to have you know.  
I don't believe you love me much—  
I do not, on my life;  
But if I really thought you did—  
Well—yes—I'll be your wife.

# Gallipolis Journal.

"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN, OF WHATEVER STATE OR PERSUASION, RELIGIOUS OR POLITICAL."—JEFFERSON.

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## Miscellaneous.

### MY BACHELOR UNCLE'S STORY.

"Harry, my boy, you are not going  
out in that atrocious piece of felt."  
I clapped my hand rather nervously  
to my hat.

"Why not, Uncle Simon? Isn't it  
respectable enough?"  
"Harry, you're my favorite nephew.  
Sit down, and you shall hear how I  
lost my wife—that should have been  
through a bad hat."

I passively obeyed.

"Weston Thorne, and I were room-  
mates in our young days, and as per-  
verse fate would have it, we both fell  
desperately in love with the same  
girl—Fanny Trevor. Talk of your  
modern beauties—I never saw a prettier  
creature than Fanny was; cheeks  
like a blossom, and eyes that fairly  
made you wild with their coquettish  
sparkle. She wore her auburn hair  
in bright braids within a net, and I've  
liked nets ever since."

"Simon," said Weston Thorne, one  
night, "I'm in love."

"So am I, Thorne," I answered.

"And I'm in love with Fanny Tre-  
vor!"

"Are you?" said I. "And so am I."

Weston and I looked at each other  
steadily for about five minutes.

"Simon," said he, "will you give her  
up?"

"No!"

"Nor will I. So here's to the health  
of him who wins the brightest jewel  
that ever shone on human breast!"

He tossed off a glass of champagne as  
he spoke. I pledged him; and though  
forty years and more have  
passed, yet I taste the sparkle of  
that bright wine whenever I remem-  
ber the hour.

Well, our twin suits progressed  
with varying success for weeks—  
Sometimes Fanny made Thorne des-  
perate by waltzing with me—some-  
times she woke the spirit of Cain the  
murderer in my heart, by wearing  
Weston Thorne's white roses in her  
belt. At length one day, we went  
arm in arm to ask Mr. Trevor's per-  
mission formally to address his  
daughter. Papa Trevor was a jolly  
old soul, and laughed quite heartily  
at our amicable rivalry.

"Go in boys and win!" he exclaimed.  
Fanny may take her choice. Which-  
ever it is, she'll be pretty sure of a  
good husband."

"Weston," said I, on our way home,  
I shall invite Fanny to that picnic up  
the river to-morrow. No place more  
favorable to the declaration of love  
than umbrageous shadows and green  
river shores!"

"Just my opinion," said Thorne, "I  
shall also write a note of invitation."

I took special pains to keep a sharp  
lookout on the next morning. Hur-  
ry as I would, however, Thorne  
walked out of the house, kid gloves  
and Panama hat, just two minutes  
and a half before I could succeed in  
tying my confounded cravat to suit  
myself. I gave my hair one parting  
rake with the unyielding bristles of  
the brush, dived into the wardrobe  
for my hat, and started up the street.  
I could always walk faster than  
Thorne, so I felt little apprehension  
on the score of not overtaking him.

I had a dim idea that the young  
ladies in the hotel corridor looked  
rather comically at me as I sprang  
down stairs, and commented as I  
passed, but I was in too great a hur-  
ry to pause for reflection, until a full  
length mirror, standing by way of  
advertisement at the door of a look-  
ing-glass and picture frame store,  
suddenly showed me to myself—a  
young gentleman got up in the ex-  
treme of fashion all but the head,  
which might have belonged to a Bow-  
ery loafer.

Good fates! what a villainous hat!  
it would have made a rowdy of Lord  
Palmerston himself—rusty, battered,  
seedy! I thought I had committed  
that hat to the flames weeks ago!

Weston Thorne must have fished it  
out from its obscurity, and put it in  
proving convenience to my hand. All  
my own fault—of course it was;  
why hadn't I the common sense to  
know what I was putting on my own  
head?

I felt hurriedly in my pockets—  
There was only change enough to  
meet the exigencies of the day—  
There was no help for it so back I  
must trot.

The sun had mounted high enough  
to make the homeward trip no pleas-  
ant thing to take in a hurry. Of  
course my trembling fingers selected  
the wrong key at first, and it was  
some time before I could turn the  
wards so as to admit myself. How-  
ever, I walked at last, and opened  
the wardrobe with nervous haste—  
There hung the real hat in provoking  
nearness, and was no small aggrava-  
tion to my state of mind to think that  
I could not blame Thorne for my  
own carelessness. As I turned to  
go out, the dressing glass displayed  
to me such an inflamed and perspi-  
ring visage that a moment's delay in  
cologne sprinkling was indispensable.  
This completed, off I started for the  
second time on a run.

What a jerk I gave Mr. Trevor's  
bell pull—I wonder it had not come  
off in my hand. The scared servant

answered the jingling summons as if  
she had expected no milder news  
than that the house was on fire.

"Miss Trevor, is she in?"

"No, sir; she has gone to the boat  
with Mr. Thorne."

I could have stamped with rage—  
The boat left at eight precisely. I  
then glanced at my watch, and saw  
that it wanted just three minutes and  
a half of that hour. Perhaps I might  
yet be in time. I recollect little of  
that chase to the pier, save that it  
was a series of diving under horses'  
heads, skillful darting around fat old  
ladies, and abraded my ankles  
against boxes and barrels.

Has the boat gone yet? I gasped,  
too breathless for distinct speech, as  
I approached the pier. Don't know;  
said a heartless stevedore; do you  
suppose there ain't but one boat in  
the world? If I could have been a  
magistrate with power to put that  
wretch into handcuffs! But there was  
the boat at last. Surely, she was not  
moving? Yes, she was! The plank  
had just been drawn on board, and  
the boat was swinging away from the  
pier, amid ringing bells, groaning  
ropes, and gushing steam. Too late!  
Yet I could not despair. I could cer-  
tainly spring over those few feet of  
heaving, turbid water and leap  
forward—only, however, to find my-  
self drawn back by strong arms!

Don't be crasy, mister! said my  
friend, the stevedore. Do you want  
to be drowned?

I didn't care much whether I was  
or not at that moment, for I had just  
caught sight of Weston Thorne on  
the upper deck waving his handker-  
chief to me, while the blue ribbons  
of Fanny's gypsy hat, fluttered at his  
side.

When they came back, they were  
engaged. To this day, I cannot meet  
Mrs. Judge Thorne without a curious  
stirring at my heart, although she,  
like myself is old and gray. But she  
was pretty then. And now master  
Harry, concluded my uncle Simon,  
go and put on a respectable beaver,  
and remember that your uncle's whole  
destiny turned on the pivot of an old  
hat.

I followed my uncle Simon's advice,  
secretly remembering Rochefoucauld's  
maxim that in the sorrows of  
our best friend, there is something  
agreeable to us; for if my uncle had  
worn the right hat and married Miss  
Trevor I should not have inherited  
his fortune. It is a selfish world.

### THE POLICY OF THE OPPO- SITION.

We know well upon what ground  
the Union party will stand in the  
Presidential election. Its course is  
as clear as its principles, and it  
would be somewhat superfluous to  
trouble ourselves about its success.

Just now there is more interest in  
the movements of the Opposition,  
for it is not certain that the Copper-  
head leaders will be able to control  
their party as effectually as they did  
last October. No one can have  
failed to notice that the defeat of  
the Opposition was accounted for on  
different theories, and resulted in its  
division. One wing blamed the  
peace policy, the other the war pol-  
icy for the loss of the elections, and  
both were wrong. The party was  
beaten simply because it was  
in Opposition to the Government.

We grant, however that its defeat  
was so overwhelming because of the  
adoption of such men as Vallandigum,  
and the evident hypocrisy of its  
profession to support the war.

The problem now before the lead-  
ers of the Opposition is simply this:  
"How shall we reconcile the peace  
policy of Vallandigum, the Woods,  
the Seymours, with the growing ha-  
tred and contempt of it in the mas-  
ses of our voters?" It is a problem  
they cannot solve. Fernando  
Wood's latest speech in Congress  
was the most war-like plea for peace  
by which he has yet distinguished  
himself, and a bold, deliberate at-  
tempt to commit the party to uncon-  
ditional opposition to the war. On  
the other hand, we find such journals  
as the *World* shrewdly than Mr.  
Wood, advocating a war policy,  
smothered with "ifs and buts"—just  
such a purpose as would delight a  
coward in uniform. This wing of  
the Opposition trembles at the  
thought of placing itself openly  
against the war, and would rather de-  
ceive than defy the spirit of the na-  
tion. How, then, shall this difference  
among the leaders be reconciled?

It may be smoothed over, as it was  
when the convention which nomi-  
nated Mr. Justice Woodward, inserted  
a war resolution in its platform, and  
at the same time warmly approved  
of the nomination of Mr. Vallandigum.  
Yet even then the grand diffi-  
culty remains in the radical divi-  
sion of the masses. There are hundreds  
of thousands of Democrats who  
have thus far clung to the party  
from a blind instinct of fidelity to a  
name, who will vote no longer for  
men who are in any way associated  
with Vallandigum, or sustain his  
cowardly and detested policy. By  
next November, many of these voters  
will be in the Union ranks. The  
other men who still cling to the de-  
lusion that slavery is not an evil,  
and had nothing to do with the re-  
bellion, will continue to oppose the

Government, but not upon the crazy  
platform of peace. When the cam-  
paign begins we shall see this breach  
widened.

Everything tends to unanimity in  
the Union party. It has one pur-  
pose, it will have one leader, and all  
of its members are firmly united in  
upholding its plain and unshaken  
principles. But fate has thrown the  
apple of discord into the ranks of  
the Opposition. Never was the divi-  
sion of a party more certain.

Those who read the opposition jour-  
nals will find them united only in  
hostility to the Administration, and  
this is but the inevitable false union  
of the Outs with the Ins. On all  
questions of public interest they  
have diverse opinions. Mr. Wood  
says the war should stop at once—  
The *World* declares that the war  
should go on, but that the method of  
prosecuting it is unconstitutional—  
Another element of the Opposition  
believes that slavery is a curse, but  
that the war should have nothing to  
do with it. Another assumes that  
it is a blessing, and approves of  
Gen. McClellan's advice to the Presi-  
dent that he should use the army to  
return fugitive slaves. Another  
clique denounces slavery and Abolition-  
ism with equal violence. Yet  
another has for its sole cry the cor-  
ruptions of the Government. Then,  
deep in the democracy of the peo-  
ple is a conviction that the Govern-  
ment is right. There are men who  
bear to the Opposition precisely the  
relation which Gantt did to the re-  
bellion the moment before he aban-  
doned it forever. There are thou-  
sands more who are to Copperhead-  
ism precisely what the Raleigh  
(N. C.) Standard is to the Richmond  
tyranny. That journal professes to  
desire the independence of the  
South, but utterly condemns the  
course of the rebellion. Now, how  
many Democrats will read these  
words who will not admit that,  
while they still desire the indepen-  
dence of their party, they will not  
help the men who are its head?

### CIVILIZATION IN JAPAN.

No Asiatic nation has attained so  
high a degree of material civilization  
as the Japanese, and it is astonish-  
ing how little they have, until quite  
recently, been indebted to Europe for  
the progress which they have made.

Their swords and cutlery are of finer  
temper than any which Birmingham  
or Sheffield produce, their silk man-  
ufactures are admirable, their land-  
scape gardening is distinguished  
for its taste, and they are no mean  
proficients in the arts of design—  
The roads of the country are shaded  
with magnificent trees, and are con-  
structed with as much skill and care  
as the best highways of Europe.

Architecture is not much cultivated,  
but the earthquake to which the  
country is subject make that science,  
at least in its highest branches, al-  
together useless. Whatever may be  
the moral defects of the Japanese  
people they have a very short code  
of laws which possesses the rare merit  
of being simple and intelligible.

On the issue of every new edict the mag-  
istrates assemble the people and  
proclaim the will of the Emperor in  
their presence. The law is then  
posted in the public halls or places  
appointed for the purpose in every  
village, town and city of the empire.

The Japanese are said to highly ap-  
prove the concise terms of these  
edicts and never for a moment to  
question their propriety. The judi-  
cial administration has been highly  
praised, and competent observers  
bear witness to the decorum with  
which trials are conducted. There  
is scarcely any graduated scale of  
punishment, almost all crimes are  
punished alike. There is but one  
recognized offense—that against the  
law—and the penalty is death. The  
severity of this Draconian code has  
almost annihilated crime, and its  
simplicity relieves the Government  
from the solution of many social  
problems which perplex European  
philanthropists. It needs no reform-  
atories, penitentiaries, or model  
prisons, and the security of prop-  
erty is not endangered by the presence  
of liberated convicts. They have no  
lawyers, nor (strange to say!) do  
they appear to need any. A certain  
fear of disgrace is universal; but  
suicide purges stains from the char-  
acter, for death has no terrors for a  
Japanese. Manners have acquired a  
high degree of refinement, and when  
it is considered how much of the  
comfort of life depends on the de-  
meanor of those about us this is cer-  
tainly no slight merit in any people.

Even the humblest classes exhibit a  
studied politeness. The relation be-  
tween the sexes differs from that of  
most Oriental countries. The posi-  
tion of women is well defined and  
natural. She is not the slave but  
the counsellor of her husband; she  
assists him in business; her sphere is  
the house, and her duty the education  
of her children. There are no  
"strong minded women" in Japan,  
remarks with satisfaction an accom-  
plished Prussian traveller, all are  
joyous girls or amiable wives—  
There are peculiarities in the mar-  
riage rite which show that they attach  
a high importance to this connec-  
tion. It is not exactly a religious

ceremony, for marriages in Japan is  
regarded as a civil contract; but the  
celebration of the nuptials takes  
place in a temple and in the presence  
of a priest. The bride, at the con-  
clusion of the ceremony, kindles a  
torch from the altar, and the  
bridegroom kindles another from  
hers. The sanctity of the matrimo-  
nial relation is beautifully typified in  
this symbolic rite, and the conduct  
of women after marriage is allowed  
by all to be pure, although it must  
be admitted that the penalty for in-  
fidelity is death; but the national cus-  
tom of blackening the teeth and pull-  
ing out the eyebrows is calculated,  
and probably intended to repel all  
further advances. Women in Japan,  
however, are not free from the uni-  
versal weakness of the sex. The  
family of the Governor of Hakodadi  
and the British Consul were on visit-  
ing terms, and the first request of  
the Japanese lady on entering the  
drawing-room of her hostess was to  
be allowed to inspect her wardrobe,  
in the examination of which she oc-  
cupied two hours, trying Parisian  
bonnets and putting English dres-  
ses over her own.

### THE FEMALE TEMPER.

We like to see a woman of spirit  
and life; for a dull, spineless, prosy  
woman is a poor affair indeed. And  
we have no particular objection to  
"seeing the sparks flying occasional-  
ly," when something really stirring  
occurs. We like to see her joyful  
and lively; and if she has a little spice  
of waggery, we can put up with it  
very well; nay, we like it all the bet-  
ter. But a cross, sour temper we  
have no good opinion of, for a wo-  
man who can never look pleasant,  
but is always fretting and scolding,  
will make an unhappy home for  
all within her house. And we had  
as lief undertake to live in a barrel  
of vinegar, or in a thunderstorm, as  
to live in a house with such a woman.  
Solomon was right when he said,  
"It is better to live in the corner of  
a house top than to dwell in a wide  
house with a bawling woman."

Let a woman wear sunshine on her  
countenance, and it will drive the  
dark clouds from her husband's face,  
and joy will thrill through the hearts  
of her children. Let a woman's  
words be soothing and kind, and ev-  
ery thing is happy around her. Her  
influence will be powerful. Others  
will catch her sweet temper, and will  
strive to see who can be most like  
her. Sweetness of temper in a wo-  
man is more valuable than gold, and  
more to be prized than beauty. But  
may heaven keep us from an untamed  
shrew whose looks are wormwood  
and whose words are gaul. We had  
rather take Daniel's place with the  
lions than think of living within gun  
shot of such a termagant. If wom-  
en knew their power, and wished to  
exert it they would always show  
sweetness of temper, for they are ir-  
resistible.

### THE MALDEN MURDER—A Post- master the Acknowledged Perpet- rator of the Crime—His Confes- sion.

It will be recollected that we pub-  
lished several weeks since, an ac-  
count of the murder on the 15th of  
December last, of Frank Converse,  
assistant cashier of the Bank of  
Malden, Mass. The victim, a boy of  
17, was shot dead about noon day  
while in the bank, and \$5,000 taken  
from the money drawer. A post  
mortem examination revealed the  
fact that his death was caused by two  
pistol balls which entered his brain,  
but for some time no clue could be  
obtained. Suspicion finally rested  
on Edward W. Green, the postmas-  
ter of Malden, first from his never  
showing any interest in the tragedy  
which had taken place, and absent-  
ing himself from all the meetings of  
citizens called to ferret out the mur-  
der, and secondly, because he paid  
a debt of \$700, in Malden bank bills,  
which he had been owing for two  
years. On Sunday night he was ar-  
rested, and more of the bank bills  
were found on his person. Finally  
he made a full confession, stating  
that he bought a six barreled revolv-  
er in Boston and having loaded  
all the barrels went to the bank  
twice on the day the murder was  
committed. The first time he found  
a customer there, and accordingly re-  
tired. On his second visit, Con-  
verse was alone and he fired at him  
twice, both discharges taking effect.  
He then robbed the drawer, and  
made his escape unseen. He had  
\$4,069 of the money concealed  
which he gave up. Green is 27  
years old and a man of small stature  
being but five feet high. He has a  
wife and infant child, the former of  
whom is distracted over the horrible  
revelation. Green at first took the  
matter coolly, but afterward expressed  
a good deal of regret over the  
disgrace he had brought on his fam-  
ily. His pecuniary embarrassments  
were the principal incentives to  
crime. He has been lodged in jail  
at Boston, and will doubtless soon  
be brought to trial.

### OUR HAPPIER HOURS.

What have been our happier  
hours? We turn our thoughts to-  
wards the days of our infancy. It is  
sometimes said if we are not happy  
in childhood we are never happy—  
That is not true in all cases. Some  
who had a miserable childhood have  
passed a happy old age. But, gen-  
erally, men look back to the hours  
of childhood as among their happier  
hours. Why? Because of its compari-  
ative innocence. If happiness be  
proportioned to innocence then  
should men recover the innocence,  
and more than the innocence, of  
childhood. God says, though your  
sins be as scarlet, they shall be white  
as snow. Why should men spend  
time in looking back with aching  
hearts upon the lost innocence of  
childhood, when the means of ac-  
quiring a purer and more lasting in-  
nocence are before them?

Again when our thoughts would  
recur to our happier hours, they fix  
themselves upon the hours spent  
with beloved friends—hours in  
which our affections were exercised.  
The purer, warmer, more self sac-  
rificing those affections were, the hap-  
pier we are. It is certainly in our  
power to repeat those hours—at  
least to exercise our affections—  
Perhaps we have allowed our affec-  
tions to run to waste. As former  
objects have been removed, perhaps  
we have not sought for new objects.  
To allow our affections to be with-  
out exercise, is like allowing the  
spring from which we slake our  
thirst to be filled up with rubbish.

Finally, our happiest hours are  
those which we employed in doing  
good. These are the hours that  
come up in our remembrance with a  
joy which attaches to no other re-  
membrances. Why have such hours  
been so few in our history?

### SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

An example of Southern chivalry is  
to be seen in the refusal of the rebels  
at Chickamauga to let our men, un-  
der a flag of truce, bury their dead,  
this was refused by the cold-blooded  
murderer, and military despot,  
Bragg. Many of our dead remained  
not only unburied, but their dead  
bodies were mutilated, and they were  
stripped of their clothing to put  
upon traitors engaged in trying to de-  
stroy the Government.

Our prisoners they consign to the  
loathsome dungeons of Richmond,  
and the sad tidings of human woe,  
come up from the few exchanged, in  
heart-sickening tales of cold, hunger  
and the robbery of those whose  
friends have sent the scanty supplies  
from the North. Such is Southern  
chivalry! Common humanity weeps  
over their barbarity. Deadly dis-  
eases, the miasma of their ill-ventilated,  
crowded, and lousy prisons, they pro-  
fanely allege are just what is due to  
Lincoln soldiers. Such is Southern  
piety!—Brownson.

The New York Herald says it  
has been acquainted with the organiza-  
tion known as the Democratic  
party for forty years, and it "knows  
it to be dead and buried. Not a vest-  
ige of it is left." It further re-  
marks: "There is an organization  
of contract brokers that oscillates  
between Tammany Hall and Mozart  
hall, and buys and sells votes, that  
calls itself the Democratic party, but  
there is no Democratic party."

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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ON LIBERAL TERMS.  
JOB PRINTING

EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
NEATLY EXECUTED ON  
SHORT NOTICE.

### MR. NASBY MAKES AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE EXIL.

Church in the Slavered innocents,  
(Lest St. Vallandigum)  
Jan the 5th, '64.

Ther betn a beyutful farm fer  
sale handy to town, an jtee has  
struck me.

Partis as well as Repoblix is un-  
grateful. The grate Vallandigum  
wuz exild for a principle, wich is  
decr 2 every Dimokratik hart.

For our saik he langishes on a ferria  
shore, sad, solitary, gloomy, magni-  
sent and melancholly. Vallandigum  
wuz never a money-unsk man—  
To git hisself ecclit continoly to  
congriss, cost him moar than his  
salary—petiklerly sence his consti-  
tuents razd the price uv yots on  
him.

The stanch Dimocoris have bin  
singly forgetful uv the welfair uv  
ther grate champion, now an exel  
far away, fer showtu the battle-cry  
uv Freejum.

He's short. The wife uv his  
busum is nearly starved, havin ben  
forst to substist on froot kaik and  
wanes fer the last week. His chil-  
dren hiey noe new cloze, and are  
now warin the identikle garmetes  
they put on the 1st of December—  
They hed no hobby hossis given em  
Christmas. His aged mother is livin  
on the cold charitis of the Abilshun  
Presbyterian church, wich is con-  
dent humilflashen. Vallandigum  
hissel has ben redoozed to 24 nips  
per day, wich is barely sifficent  
to sustane nacher, and to-day the  
patriot and statiman, may be saw-  
in wood fer his sustenance fer nig-  
gers! Hoomilition jee.

I maik the follerin sejestions:  
1. Let the Dimokratik wimin uv  
Ohio, (them ez carrid and smg  
that bootle song,

"For we'll rally round the flag, boys,  
We'll rally wunst agin,  
Showin the battle-cry of Freejum."

at our monster mass meetins last  
fall, (and who wanted to be saved  
from nigger equality, etc) contribut  
each 10 cents to this grate ob-  
gik.

The munny to be maild 2 m e.

2. The Dimokratik children con-  
tribut one cent each, to raise a fund  
fer Vallandigum's children.

The munny to be sent 2 me.

3. The Democratic grand-moth-  
ers each contribut 5 cents to  
raise a fund fer the support uv Val-  
landigum's children.

This munny may be sent to me.

Dimocrats uv Ohio! awake! A crool  
despot engoying power! he has  
aboosaz, hez stricken him down—  
Vallandigum is sufferin in our sted.  
He wuz the littenin rod wich reaseved  
the bolt uv executive wrath wich was  
aimed at the entire Dimocrotic party.

Let us show our detestation uv the  
oppressor and our sympathy for the  
oppressed, by contributin liberally.

P. S.—I notis that Sammedayez has  
sejited the same jtee, and hez pro-  
ceedd the apointment uv hisself as  
the Treasurer. Against this I enter  
my solum protest. The Crisis is a  
payin paper—I myself borrowed 2